

## Race in Taxi Begins



for you tomorrow. Let's see. Well, you had better be at the club at 7 o'clock. A nice, clean car, now, you know—there's a lady in the case."

"What? No. This is no elopement, but it's something pretty nice, at that. Say, I've sometimes thought your chauffeurs knew when to have the blinders up. I've got to jam into one day along with a lot of other things a whole lot of the matrimonial preliminaries that most fellows devote a month to. You don't understand? Well, never mind. Believe me, you or your chauffeur will understand about the first block of the wild dash we have planned for you tomorrow. Going to come yourself, Mr. Bilyeu? Say, that's great."

"What do you think, Grace?" said Carson, hanging up the receiver. "Hiram Bilyeu, the proprietor of the Taxicab company, is going to give us all day tomorrow himself. That will be a great help in winning the bet. I want to tell you that he is the quickest, truest, surest and most adept man that ever shot an auto around the crooked streets, over the hills and across the gullies of this camp."

For two hours the young people bent over pencil and paper, figuring, listing, calculating, building up the preparedness that would contribute so much to winning the day—if it were won.

When Carson briskly arose to go he had a handful of memoranda slips alphabetically arranged. "I'll see you bright and early in the morning and then 'some, dear,' he said between goodnight embraces, "and before I lay me down upon my downy couch I've got to rout out my old friend and chase him up to the courthouse to issue a license. Robert Fohl is a good, game, sport, and there were no drawbacks to his enthusiasm as he stopped himself half way ready for bed to hurry to his office and issue the license to the eager and excited Carson."

The dawn of a beautiful day was not far advanced when Grace heard the growl of a Klaxon. Glancing out of the parlor window she saw that Hiram Bilyeu was there with Bob impatiently motioning to her to hurry.

It was a hard moment for Grace. For a brief moment she was tempted to declare it all a hoax or a dream, but Bob was getting desperate, and with a tearful goodbye to the father and mother she ran down the steps. Bob fairly tossed her into the taxi, gave Hiram the signal and in a whirl of dust and roar of exhaust they shot over to the minister's residence. Aroused by telephone half an hour earlier the parson, still sleepy-eyed but neatly shaven and freshly attired, greeted the couple smilingly.

"Will you have a ring ceremony?" he inquired.

"Bless me," Bob blurted out. "I forgot all about the ring."

"What shall we do?" cried Grace. "I won't be married without a ring, so there. Oh, Bob, how could you forget it?"

"Never mind how. This is the time for me to rise to the occasion, like General Joffre at the battle of the Marne."

"Just hold up proceedings for half an hour or so, Mr. Minister, while we rout out our old friend Ben Shemanski, the jeweler. It's in just such a hurry up emergency as this that Hiram here comes to the front. I don't need to say any more, do I, Hiram?"

## Rings and Silver Are Secured



A grand combination of all the sounds a nervous auto is capable of drowned Hiram's answer, but it was immaterial, for when the spasm was over he was up on the steps of Shemanski's house punching the doorbell as if it were a fire alarm. When the jeweler came to the door he only gathered from the shouts, motions and signs that were made in his direction that there was some occasion for haste. But like all the Tonopah business men he was game and without even retreating for his hat swung into the seat by Hiram as the latter deftly dodged a boulder, shied at an ore pile, pirouetted around a burro and dashed down Main street to the store.

"Now, quick, the ring, the gold ring, the wedding ring," explained Bob as the young couple and the jeweler plunged into the deserted store, much to the amusement of the early risers or late sleepers (you never can tell which in Tonopah) of that part of the city.

But before the jeweler could extract the trays of rings from their overnight security in the safe Grace's eye had been caught by an exquisite thread design silver set. "Oh, Bob," she called across the store. "This silver set is just too lovely. Oh, do you think it would be wicked to wish that somebody would make us a present of such a set? Don't you think that even on such short notice some of our friends will be able to get us some presents?"

"Oh, well, under the circumstances perhaps they will send us some presents after the wedding day. All bets are off on this exceptional occasion, except the grand central one. But cut out that present stuff and come over here and pick out the ring."

"But, Bob, this silver is so fascinating. I can't leave it."

"But the dominie is waiting."

"Well, now, I just want to say right now," said Grace, with a lively toss of her auburn head, "I guess I'm not going to lose all of a bride's fun just to be married on a bet."

"But if it had not been married on a bet it might not have been married at all—at least, not for a long time."

"Forgive me, dear, but I am really just distracted by all these beautiful things. Look at those lovely wrist watches. See that beautiful gold filigree boudoir clock. And so cheap. My, what a grand bracelet. Now, just wait, Bob; you know we really have some time to burn, for the stores and shops aren't open much before nine, and we can't go around town routing out every person we intend to patronize."

"Why, you silly boy, we must buy at least a plain outfit of the absolutely necessary silver or we can't give that important dinner tonight. Now is the time to do it. Mr. Shemanski will be awfully busy later in the day when those Goldfield people come up to buy their presents for the swell Goldrox wedding down there next week."

"Right Grace, always right," said Bob gracefully as he gave her a gentle squeeze right there.

"Well, my dear young friends," said Shemanski, "since we must act quickly, you will need a belated engagement ring—this beauty at only \$100—as well as the plain gold wedding ring, here. Then for the absolutely necessary silver for that dinner tonight I would make this list of Gorman sterling silver: Etruscan design, set of teaspoons, \$12; tablespoons, \$35; forks, \$35; knives, \$24; salad forks, \$25; soup spoons, \$25. Then I will look after all the little things you can't stop to think about now. Besides, you must have at least one Libby cutglass bowl for tonight—that will be only \$6."

"Now, don't spend any more time with me. If you have overlooked anything I will be sure to think of it. So far as I am concerned the bet is won. You thousand means."

"You're a brick, Shemanski," said Bob. "The way you took that loss is wonderful. But you're the kind that comes back quick. Put it there, old man. Now we're off to the minister's again."

Arrived at the parson's house, where Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs, being informed of the delay, had by this time arrived, the knot was quickly tied.

"Now we're off for sure," said Bob, as he embraced his bride and swung her into the taxi.

## The Bank Account



"Hello, Bob," he cried as he spied the young couple, "what does this early morning call mean?"

"It means that I am married and that the devil is already to pay," Mr. Raycraft was shocked.

"Oh, nothing like that, but we, Grace here—you know Grace—and I are married on a bet, and we've got to open a joint account."

"I don't want an account," interrupted Grace. "I hate accounts. I want one of these arrangements so that when you want any money or want to pay anybody you just write on a check and it is all the same as money."

"That, Mrs. Carson," said Mr. Raycraft with all possible gravity, "is precisely what we mean by a checking account."

Mr. Raycraft got out the signature cards, ascertained that the account would be started with a total of \$1,500, as the best Bob could do was \$500.

"I am afraid that you do not want to have so small an account," apologized Bob.

"Where we think it is apt to lead to valuable business connections either directly or indirectly, we will accept an account that starts with even ten dollars. Of course, we know that this is going to be a growing account. Even if this were to be nothing but a household account we would encourage it as a piece of constructive banking policy, because it tends by just that much to spread the habit of using checks, which is of vast economic importance to the world. Moreover, the use of checks in paying all accounts above petty ones creates records of transactions which in the absence of regular books may be of the greatest importance."

Mr. Raycraft then showed Grace how to draw a check properly, also how to endorse it in the orthodox manner and how to fill out the stubs and carry the balance. Bob looked on as gravely as if he had never seen a check.

Then Mr. Raycraft showed the couple through their bank, pointing out the bullet-proof steel counters and partitions, the chrome steel vaults with time locks, introduced them to Mr. J. S. Mullins, the assistant cashier, known to pretty nearly everybody in Tonopah; Mr. L. W. Horton, the paying teller; Miss Margaret Gibbons, bookkeeper and stenographer, and John Williams, porter and messenger. Incidentally he picked up one of the bank's statements and called attention to the capital of \$100,000 and the deposits of nearly \$500,000. "Solid as a rock," he commented.

As the bride and groom bade him good-bye he complimented them on their sagacious decision to open an account in the bank on their wedding day.

## Wall Paper is Chosen



"Where now?" asked Grace.

"To Somerville's, on upper Main street," answered Bob, consulting his memoranda. "You know, Grace," explained Bob, "we simply must repaper the living room, the dining room and one bed room before tonight, for I am sure that if we did not have new paper on those rooms they would not feel that we had done a perfect job. I know Somerville. He's a man of ideas and enthusiasm and is always digging up something new to promote, manufacture or sell. You've noticed his original line of advertising in the local papers, haven't you? And Mrs. Somerville is right there, too, with commercial intelligence and tact."

"They rushed into the Somerville store with all their youthful impetuosity and no little noise. Somerville was sitting behind a table adjusting a back to a picture frame. He never looked up.

"Say, Mr. Somerville," said Grace, "we're being married."

"All right, go on."

"But we've got to get everything ready for housekeeping."

"Then I advise you to get a large supply of Cre-O-Ville. It's death to bugs, fleas, flies, cockroaches and all other vermin. I ought to know. I invented it. Tonopah and a horrible fate."

"Now, look here, Mr. Somerville," said Bob, "you can't pull any of that eccentric stuff on us." And he rapidly outlined the circumstances. As Bob proceeded Somerville became interested and in the end enthusiastic. Mrs. Somerville had come in and was all aglow with sympathy.

"And by the nine gods of war," concluded Bob, "three rooms must be papered by tonight."

"And they will be," positively declared Somerville. "Now, let's hop to it. Here is the little book of all wallpaper wisdom. It's a terror to the mail-order houses. With that 'silent salesman' of the Black Cat wallpapers I can do business in Tonopah and laugh at the mail-order outfit. As the little book of wallpaper samples says, we can supply 'the cheapest that is good and the best that is made.' Why, we've got 'walls' down to 6 cents per single roll, and borders as low as 2½ cents per yard. We have complete compositions all ready to turn a grimy room into a glorious bower for as low as 87 cents for the whole shebang."

"Oh, what a beautiful blending of colors and what a lovely design," interrupted Grace. "Now, Mr. Somerville, do you think this would cost too much?"

"Why, my dear girl (pardon me, Mr. Carson) that is No. 6010, and it costs only 6 cents a single roll. It will take—let me see—about 72 cents worth of it to cover the walls and ceiling of your bedroom and this beautiful fleur-de-lis, cut-out border to go with it will be only 34 cents."

"Only \$1.06 for the whole room?"

"That's all, and see here, this book tells you how to put it on yourself."

As for the dining room and parlor, Mr. Somerville said he would not advise the most elaborate and expensive papers for young people. A beautiful paper, costing only 14 cents a single roll, with slightly different but harmonizing designs for the dining room and living room, was quickly chosen.

"What a handy book that 'Silent Salesman' is," remarked Grace.

"There are 200 of them waiting here for the best people of the city. It beats any mail order catalogue you ever saw."

"I'm going to tell all my friends," said Grace, "to hurry down and get one of those free books before they are all gone."

"How about painting?" inquired Mr. Somerville. "I've got the best and most economical line of house paints in town. I make a specialty of Likanamel at \$1.35 to \$2.75 a gallon."

"We won't have any time for painting today, but after we are settled down we shall have to have a lot of paint. But send up a few pictures. Now, Mr. Somerville, please, please, get that paper on. Rush the paperhangers."

"They will be there in five minutes and the job will be done by noon."

"Good bye, Mr. Somerville, you have been just lovely to us."

"Wait," called Mr. Somerville, as the young couple reached the door. "After the first family row, when it comes to repairs, remember that I am the glass man of this town. Here's where they all get their glass—window glass, plate glass, wind shields. And—hold on—that attic isn't plastered. One of these days you will want to fix it up. Now, this Cornell board for a wall or ceiling surface has got plaster skinned a thousand miles, in my opinion. Just let me show you—"

## THEIR NEW HOME IS FOUND



dining room, two bed rooms, bath room, piped and wired, water connections—everything.

"I'll take you right out to see it. I know you will want it. Oh, got the taxi here, have you? Well, then I'll just jump in with you. All right, Hiram; you know the Fontenelle house."

It turned out that the house was larger and better than they expected. It was a semi-bungalow and had two unfinished rooms on the second floor. Its size and its location among the best residences of the city made it a little higher in price than Grace and Bob had expected to pay, but as they knew Hampton had a binful of money and they were confident of winning the bet, they decided not to let a few thousand dollars stand in the way.

"So after a little negotiating in which Bob looked very wise and talked learnedly about real estate values, they agreed to take the house at \$6,000, putting down a hundred dollar deposit, pending the complete payment—after the bet was won.

"Now, what about the insurance?" asked Bob. "Can you attend to it for us?"

"Sure I can. The insurance is just about expiring and I think you had better let me put a \$5,000 policy on the place in one of the dozen strongest companies we represent. It will only cost you a trifling sum for three years. Let me see." When the rate was named both Grace and Bob were surprised to find that fire insurance was so cheap.

"Now, Bob, sign here," said Mr. Crumley, for that \$5,000 policy in the Northwestern Mutual Life. No man has a right to marry without life insurance."

"You are right," said Bob as he signed his name to the application.

"Your fire policy will be delivered to you within a few days, but you are insured, remember, from this minute. Now, as a little further help toward winning that bet I will have the house thoroughly cleaned and put in ship-shape within an hour."

As they drove away Grace couldn't help remarking that there was no doubt that they had found the best possible real estate and insurance man in the city.

"Yes, and he has done a great work for the city in completing that sewer system in spite of all opposition. The doctors tell me that if I had not been for Mr. Crumley's work in that respect the death rate in Tonopah would be very high. I hope sewer connections will soon be made compulsory."

## Personal Belongings Moved



wonderful confidence in it. Take Manhattan mining district, for instance. He was for it in the beginning and he is for it now and has been all the time. When other people quit he took hold all the stronger and went steadily on with his development work. Today he is making good and men and capital are coming back to Manhattan and within a short time now it will become one of the greatest producing camps in Nevada. You see Wittenberg is a builder, a contractor.

"He has done Tonopah and all southern Nevada an immense service by reason of the great transportation system he has built up. Wittenberg's ten-horse or ten-mule teams with their enormous wagons penetrate the remotest parts of the desert and mountains to move the things that must be moved in wind or rain, snow or stifling heat. I would hate to try to guess how many big automobile trucks he has engaged in this transportation work. On top of all this he jobs various kinds of supplies, runs a big storage business, has many investments and finds time to look after a fuel business, local drayage and freighting."

"So now you understand why calling on Mr. Wittenberg for our little job is like asking an elephant to transport a pin."

After this eulogistic account Grace was almost afraid to meet Mr. Wittenberg, but he soon put her at her ease.

"Yours is certainly the most important business we shall attend to today," he said, "and you may be sure that it is going to be attended to right. One of our big trucks will pick up yours and Bob's stuff right away, and then we will have one call to respond to any demand all day. Just give me a list of the people who are supplying you and I will call them up toward the end of the day and if any of them have had any delivery troubles or delays I will be ready to jump right in and come to the rescue. I'll be your insurance against anybody else falling down."

Then Grace told him how Bob had said he was almost afraid to tender him such a little job.

"Bob was wrong," answered Mr. Wittenberg. The banks at one time got very gay and began to scorn small accounts, but it's different today. The big banks are right after the little accounts. Similarly I am right after the little business. Bob, here, is a promising young mining engineer. One of these days he will be able to deliver some important transportation jobs. Faithful in little things as well as in great, is my motto."

"I am so glad, Bob," said Grace as they left, "that you introduced me to Mr. Wittenberg. He is the kind of man you instinctively admire and trust."